OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 1. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1833. NUMBER 11.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
MILLETT & KING.

TERMS.—One dollar and seventy-five cents in advance.—Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publishers.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms; the proprietors not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS and letters on business must be addressed, *Post-paid.*

From the Lowell Times

THE OLD SOLDIER.

He has been to the Pension Office. The generosity, if generosity consists in deferring a benefit till the recipient is past the enjoyment of it—or the justice, if justice consists in withholding the veteran's due till he is ready to go down to the grave—(generosity or justice, call it what you will—we call it neither)—had at last awarded to him his pension. An infirm old man!—The burden of age, and hope deferred, had made him sick at heart, and sick of life. The death film was even now measurably drawn over the eye, once sparkling;—the pace which once was firm and confident in the strength of youth, and the pride of patriotism, had become irregular and tottering;—and the manly form, once erect and commanding, was bowed down—age and suffering had done it. He was a stranger in the Metropolis—infirmity and neglect could break down his body—but his spirit had better sustained itself; and a bitter sense of the neglect he had suffered from those who should have remembered him, had kept him in solitude.—He would not offer a living comparison between the condition of men who had achieved, and the men who have profited by the achievement without exertion of their own. The conscious victim of cruel neglect and ingratitude, he considered the tardy justice of his country a mockery, and nought but his abject poverty, and a wish to die, "square with the world," had induced him to apply for it. He had applied and received—and "now," said he, "I will pay my debts,—and die." The change of objects in the city bewildered him. He gazed upon the spacious and elegant edifices which had in his absence superceded old and familiar objects—but he gazed with hurried and irregular glances, as if doubting his senses. The bustling forms of a generation who have forgotten the revolution, flitted past the old man without heeding him—the pensioner was alone in a city! Amazed that the lapse of time had wrought such wonders, he felt like a stranger in a strange land, and that too, on the very soil he had defended.

His venerable appearance attracted the notice of a passer-by, who perceiving the old man was bewildered, tendered his services to conduct the soldier home. "Home! I have no home! I was at home *here* in '76, but I have forgotten now!" A transient glance of anger flashed in the veteran's eye—but in a moment it passed away, and the vacancy of his countenance returned. "Where am I?—Oh, I've been to take the *gift* of Congress—let me go to pay my debts before I die. I can't live long—and I don't wish to. The *gift!*"—here again his eye was lighted—and his bearing spoke the proud & wounded spirit, broken—but not subdued. An honest feeling of indignation mastered him; striving as if strong in the pride of youth to avoid the impertinent and unfeeling curiosity of the crowd who surrounded him, he sank exhausted to the pavement.

'Take him to *the Police Office for a vagrant!*' said one of the crowd.

"Take yourself to the *devil*, for one of his limbs!" retorted the honest fellow who had first addressed the veteran. "But," (catching him by the collar, as he essayed to walk off,) "stop first and give me the old man's pocket book!—I saw you take it—hand over, or by G—d I'll tear you limb from limb!" "Trottle him," cried one of the crowd, "a scoundrel! rob a pensioner!" "Down with him!" "Strip him!"—"Take *him* to the Police!" and the old man's wallet fell from the culprit in the scuffle.

The pensioner was recognized by some one in the crowd, and he passively suffered himself to be put in a coach. He was conveyed to a shelter, and having happily fallen into good hands, attention for a couple of days partially restored his exhausted energies. An indistict remembrance of the events we have narrated flitted occasionally across his mind, but he remembered the events of '76 better than those of yesterday, and the countenances of those who had been his companions in arms, were more distinctly marked on his memory, than the new ones he had seen a day before. When about to be put on board the stage which was to convey him home, the old man's mind again wandered. "That's right, carry me to Congress—give me my due—I have fought for it!—Congress said I should have it!" The old man's wallet was put into his hand—"Oh yes, I know I should get it—they could not so soon forget the old soldier—but so late—let me pay my debts—and die!—I can live no longer!—But somebody stole it—they got it away from me—they could'nt do it fifty years ago—but I've got it now, have'nt I—no, they didn't keep it they would steal the old man's money!—They could not keep it—the God of Battles would blast them for it—God have mercy on them—they didn't fight for it—let me pay my debts, and die—my children are all dead—my wife died in—in—the poor house—and me—I don't want to live any longer—nobody knows me now—let me die!"

The stage stopped at ——. Hitherto during the ride the old man had been silent. Forgetful of the present—inattentive to things about him—his mind was back among other scenes. A long, long, reverie—and one from which he was never to awaken! His lips moved rapidly—though no sound was audible—involuntary and spasmodic motions evinced the activity of his mind—he was busily communing with the friends, and reviewing the events of his youth. Poor old man! fifty years since seemed to him but as yesterday. One of the lone and insolated survivors of another and a better race, he had no communion with those about him. Dwelling upon the hardships—the privations—the dangers—the escapes—the victories of another age, his frame infirm and old, could not support the *recollection*, as once in the day of his strength he withstood the *reality!*

"Hark!" murmured the old man. All eyes turned to him. He raised himself on his staff and leaned forward. His eyes beamed with supernatural animation—and contrasted fearfully with his shrunken countenance—his hat had fallen, and his silver locks, moved by the breeze gave additional wildness to his aspect—his lips compressed—his posture firm! O God! was it his death struggle? The roll of a distant drum fell on his ear—he grasped his staff firmly as once he held his firelock.—A bugle sounded clear and full beside the coach—"For Congress and the people, cha"—! His voice ceased—he fell back to his seat—a husky rattling in his throat succeeded—

The spirit of the revolutionary patriot had departed!

An Adventure in Mexico.—The person who met with the following remarkable adventure a few years ago, says the N. Y. Traveller, is an Irish gentleman, then engaged in commerce in Mexico. The circumstances are related by one intimately acquainted with him, and may be relied on as authentic.

Mr. P. went to a city in the interior of Mexico with a large assortment of dry goods, which he sold out at wholesale to a merchant of the place. A part of the purchase money amounting to $5000 was paid on delivery of the goods, the rest by the terms of sale being due some months after, Mr. P. prepared to return to the port with the money he had received, but neglected to engage on armed escort, which in that country is highly necessary for the safe transportation of specie. He was to be accompanied only by a native servant and a gentleman of the country, who had occasion to travel the same road. That his starting might not be observed by any of the banditti with which the place abounds, he thought it most prudent to leave town in the night; and as he made known his intentions only to the two persons who were to go with him and the merchant who had bought his goods, he thought there was no danger of his being followed or waylaid. It never occurred to him that it would be the interest of the merchant who owed him, to prevent the possibility of his ever returning; nor did he once suspect that the courteous and obliging Don might be intimate with the most atrocious robbers in the place, or that his own servant could be bribed to betray him.

It was about three hours before day, in one of the beautiful moon-light nights peculiar to that climate, when he started. No one was stirring, and the silence of the streets was only broken by the tread of his own mules as they passed quick over the pavement. He was soon clear of the town, and his road led through a country rather rough and sterile, but thinly spotted with cultivated fields. He had proceeded about two leagues from the town, his little cavalcade winding along the rough pathway in the following order:—first rode Mr P. on a mule and armed with a double barrelled gun, a sword, and a pair of pistols; then followed the three pack mules, each carrying two bundles of specie sewed up in grass bagging; and behind rode the Mexican gentleman and the servant.

They crossed a brook, on the bank of which was a cornfield, and a little beyond was a hollow, sloping down from the side of the road. As our traveller drew near this, his attention was attracted by the glitter of the moon-light upon some objects moving up the hollow, and a second glance convinced him that these objects were drawn swords, and that a banditti of ten or twelve mounted robbers was charging upon him at full speed. He presented his gun as they drew near, and fired. Though the shot did not take effect, it made them wheel and scatter for a few moments; but they soon returned with the same impetuosity, and gathering around him, commenced firing their pistols.—The balls for a few moments whistled around him on every side, but he as yet escaped without a wound; for the Mexicans are bad marksmen, and generally wink at their own flashes.—He then spurred on his mule against the centre of their line, with his gun presented. They again wheeled and fled; and most of them, while at full speed, threw themselves so far on one side as to cover their bodies with those of their horses, showing only one leg in the saddle.—However deficient in the use of fire arms, in horsemanship they equal the Arabs: and our traveller found it impossible on his mule to overtake them even while flying in this attitude. While pursuing one, the rest of the band came upon him behind. He faced about and fired; one of the robbers reeled in the saddle, but was able to ride off without falling from his seat.

Mr P. had scarcely fired, before a ball from the pistol of one of the robbers split on the muzzle of his gun; part of it entered the barrel, and the other part wounded him in the arm.—Having discharged both barrels, he now attempted to draw one of his pistols. It had been tied or wedged fast by his treacherous servant, and a violent jerk which he gave to free it, loosed the holsters from the pommel of the ssddle, and they fell. He then put his hand, not to the hilt of his sword, but to the place where it should have been, for it was gone. The belt, as afterwards appeared, had been nearly cut through before he put it on; and the violent action of riding had broken it. The banditti continued firing at him, and his mule now became ungovernable, and commenced plunging. The girth of his saddle, which like his sword belt, had been cut half through, gave way, and he came to the ground. He was for some moments stunned by the fall, and the robbers probably supposed he had been killed by some of their bullets; yet they would no doubt have made sure work of it, had not the attention of all been turned towards the booty, which it was necessary they should secure before day.

Mr. P. when he arose from the ground, heard them at the brook engaged in unloading one of the mules. On examining his gun, he found one barrel split up about three inches from the muzzle by the ball which had struck it. The other barrel being sound, he reloaded it, and started for the brook. As he approached it, he heard the banditti galloping off towards the town, and he followed them thither on foot. It was not till he arrived there that he perceived that he was wounded, the excitement of the combat having hitherto kept him unconscious of it.

The two Mexicans disappeared in the early part of the fight: the companion escaping from the field, returned to town; but the servant, who was undoubtedly in the plot, was never again heard of. While Mr. P. was applying of the authorities for redress, two men, who had just come in from the country, informed him ot a circumstance no less singular than fortunate. During the fight, two of the pack mules, each carrying $2,000, had strayed into the cornfield and remained there unperceived by the robbers. They had secured but one mule load of the money, and that happened to be the smallest of the three. The two stray mules were discovered and conducted to town by the two men above mentioned.

From the brightness of the monnlight, Mr. P. had been able to recognize among the robbers, several well known residents of the place, but on naming them to the authorities, the magistrates declined commencing a prosecution, in consideration of the respectable connections of the accused.

The New York Standard furnishes the following from the Log-Book of a young Sailor:

It was a fine clear morning; we were about two degrees to the northward of the line, bound home: the sea was calm, and looked like one universal mirror, with nought to reflect but the arched sky, and our majestic ship as she sluggishly moved to and fro, with the long, steady, heaving swell, that denoted a long calm.

It was almost seven bells; the decks were washed and swabbed down, and it being Sunday no work was going on. The hands were lounging about the deck, or reclining on the rail round the forecastle, waiting for the breakfast-hour, when the cry of "Shark! shark!" brought all hands to the bow. Numerous hooks were baited, and every means used to decoy the willy fish to bite; but to no purpose. He would move slowly along the side of each bait, seeming to disdain so small a mouthful.—"Fetch me the harpoon," roared the Mate, who had been an old whaler, and had as many broad flukes logged to his name as ever Tom Coffin had. "So—lets have it—hand me the end of that small rope. Now, out of the way, and stick over a little more slack line;" when splash went one of the boys into the water.—The noise startled the shark, but he soon returned, and seemed inclined leisurely to pursue his advantage: the boy still held in his hand the fishline he had been using which kept him directly under the mate. All was bustle and confusion on deck. "Fetch my pistols," cried the captain. None, save the mate, seemed to possess the entire self-possession necessary for the preservation of the boy. There he stood with his harpoon poised, watching with intense eye every movement of the shark. "Hand me the rope," cried old Stephens, as he sat as composed on the bow as if nothing had happened, "and get out of the mate's way; I'll be keel-hauled if that iron misses fire in his hand. I say, boy, heave your head a little more to port and give the mate a chance at his life." The boy obeyed the direction. At that moment the shark began to turn, which denotes he is about to seize his prey. "Dart!" cried every mouth. The immediate danger of the boy had almost deprived the mate of his self-command, and he was about to waste his blow upon the iron surface of his back, when he caught sight of the out-spread palm of Stephen's left hand. He understood the sign. At that moment the left fin of the shark just ruffled the water, and showed the white skin of his belley. "Now!" cried old Stephens. The iron had already sped, and his words served only to accompany the mighty splash of the monster, as the barbed steel cut its way to fasten on the other side.

Popular traditions of the South Sea Islanders.—The origin of the Islanders, and their inhabitants, is attributed to the joint agency of two of their deities, Tarea and Hina. One tradition is that the Islanders were once one large continent, which the God in his anger destroyed, and the present islands are the fragments scattered in the ocean. Some ascribe their formation to Taaroa alone, who is said to have laboud so hard in the work, that the perspiration caused thereby filled up the hollows, and formed the sea. Others attibute the creation of the world, and its inhabitants, &c. to the procreative powers of their deities—according to one account, one of the descendants of Taaroa, and the son of the Sun and moon, embracing the sea shore begat a son and daughter, who were called Tii and Opiira—and were the father and mother of mankind. [Boston Post.]

Nature hath its glories, as well as its beauties and its harmonies. Look up to the heavens and contemplate the regularity, the brightness, the magnificence, which pervades the universe; see the majesty which is stamped on every part of the vast concave, and say, is not nature most glorious. See the long array of clouds in the train of the descending sun, streched across the heavens like a vesture, and glowing with colors and glittering with light to which the richest tissue of kings are valueless and pale. The robe is indeed worthy of the hand that formed it; and of the high creature of God upon which it had been bestowed. Go out on some calm, clear evening, when not a cloud is to be seen, or none but filmy meteors which high above us seem like the bright white vestments, which can render the departed visible, when the whole blue arch seems wakening into gems of living fire and the myriad eyes of heaven are looking down upon us, guarding our pathways, warning us of danger, heightening our joys and telling us in a voice which cannot be mistaken, of the existence and power of God and the certainty of an hereafter. There is a mingled sublimity, beauty and glory in the sun, the moon and the stars, which appeals to the heart, bows us low in adoration to the hand that formed them, and fills us with the most unaffected admiration. Cold indeed must be that heart, and deadened the holiest influence in the bosom of that man, who can stand beneath the light of the heavens in the tranquil evening hour, and not find himself a humbler and a better man, if not a wiser one. To us there is in those glorious orbs, a voice—in their radient light a beauty, and in their distance and vastness an idea of immensity, which can be no where else heard, seen or imagined. We love to dream that that glory will once be ours—that our feet shall tread those star-paved lands—that knowledge, freed from any admixture of error, shall be placed within our reach—and that we shall see nature as it once was, and as it again shall be, in unalloyed harmony, beauty and glory. [Maine Free Press.]

Resignation.—To yield all we have and are to the disposal of God—to lie passive in his hand—and to have no will of our own, no will but his, is a state infinitely desirable. Entire resignation to the will of God, is impressively inculcated in the scriptures, by the example of various distinguished characters, and above all others, by that of the Lord of Life.

That it is not improper to desire the removal of suffering and the alleviation of pain is evident from the Redeemer's conduct; and is evident that the Christain in affliction may pray repeatedly and earnestly for deliverance from the sorrows he endures. But then still he should try to add, as in the language of his very heart, "Not my will, but thine be done." These examples of resignation are recorded for imitation—Think not that this sweet, passive grace is only needed to adorn the brightest piety, to shine around the matyr's head. It is essential to the Christain character in every clime, in every form, and under every circumstance.

While you are a pilgrim upon earth, love and cherish this heavenly grace; especially in the drak and cloudy day of adversity and pain, strive to exercise unfeigned submission to your heavenly Father's will. Perhaps he may bid you leave the scenes of comfort for the chamber of affliction; perpaps he may snatch from your embrace friends dearer than life, or warn you by incurable disease that your sun is about to go down even at noon;—yet still labor and pray for resignation—that resignation, the most unfeigned, the most entire, whose inmost feeling is, it is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good. Possessed of this, your soul will enjoy a sweet tranquility. The tempest of unruly passions will be hushed into a calm. The rebellion of your will to God being subdued, you will be freed from a thousand secret sorrows, that torment the unyielding heart. Peace will take up an abode in your breast, and you will find that it is indeed,

"Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And feel no will but his."

A season of suffering is not the only season in which resignation to the divine will is to be exercised. Daily to yield yourself to the disposal of God, is resignation; and daily to do this a privilege and duty.

The New Birth.—What is it to be born again? Is it to increase in human wisdom? No. The understanding may be filled with light, even to over powering illumination—and at the same time, that the heart be crowded with that darkness which may be felt. It must be a new birth of the heart rather than the head. It is a birth, of the anathematizing polemic into the peaceble ministry. Of the lip-worshipper into the heart-worshipper. Of the sarcrilegious into the sanctified. Of the Sabbath-breaker into the Sabbath-keeper. Of the weigher with light weights into the holder of the just balance. It It is a birth of a neglecter into the protector of parents. Of the swearing ship-master into the praying pilot. Of the epicure, the spendthrif, the libertine, and the debauchee, into men of sense and soberness. Of the eye servant into the single hearted. Of the busy-body in other men's matters into one who is busy only in his own. It is a birth of a lier into the the truth teller; of the theif into the honest man; of the jockeying into the true; of the coveting into the generous; of the cruel into the humane; of the censorious into the charitble; of the haughty into the corteous; and of the luke-warm into the ardent. In short it is a birth, of the defying boaster into the stricken penitent; of the lion into the lamb; of the sinner into the saint. Such, and so great, and so holy is the change, we conceive, which is wrought upon the heart, and which issues forth into the whole length and breadth of a vigilant life, upon the new birth of the soul. But, in this world, we can never be entirely freed from sin. The body must be laid in the grave, and there be dissolved, before it can be changed into the similitude of the angels.

A sad mistake.—A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along sir." A would-be very witty gentleman stepped up to her one day and accosted her, with "Is it me, madam, you called?" "Oh, no sir," said she, with great composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

"May I be married, ma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What do you want to be married for?" returned her mother. "Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen any body married, and I thought it might please them."

Among the early laws enacted in Connecticut, the following is the substance of one:—

No man shall carry to meeting for a Sabbath luncheon, a dough nut, so long that while he is eating at one end, he cannot keep the pigs from eating the other.

A poor Irishman passing through a village near Chester, saw a crowd of people approaching, which made him inquire what was the matter? He was answered, "A man was *going* to be buried." "Oh!" replied he, I'll stop to see that; for we *carry* them in our country.

A witness being called to give his testimony in Court, in the State of New-York, respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following:—"Moth- *said*, that Ruth *said*, that Nell *said*, that Poll *told* her, that she *see* a man that *see* a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker checker, and our *gals* wont *lie*, for mother has whipped them a hundred times for *lying!!*"

The Lowell Journal has the following marriage:—'In this town, Miss Rebecca END, to Master Johnathan FOREMOST.' The editor of that witty and generally correct paper, has in this instance, got *the wrong end foremost.*

A Snug Family.—Last Thursday, Mr. Isaac Colburn of Dedham, a worthy old gentleman, aged 67, (his pucuniary affairs not warranting his following the fashionables of the day by making a visit to Saratoga or the White Mountains for the benefit of his health,) spent the day at Squantum, surrounded by his family, amounting to seventy-one children and grand-children. [Boston Transcript.]

Borrowing.—'If it was as customary to borrow a man's hat or coat or his breeches, as it is to borrow his Newspaper, things would come to a pretty pass.'—We think so too.

A Microscope is now exhibiting in New Bond street, London, which magnifies up to 2,5000,000 times, so that in looking through it a flea is said to appear "as large as the late elephant Chunie!"

[From the Spy]

VAGRANT IMPOSTORS.

The public have lately been cautioned against vagrant impostors, who are going about the country imploring charity "and all that sort o' thing." A contemporary says.

"They have printed petitions pasted on muslin, which state that they have been wrecked and lost their all, on a voyage from Europe to this country; others, that they had been wrecked among the Turks, and their families at this time held in slavery, and the wish to raise funds to purchase their liberty. They generally have the name of the Captain with whom they were wrecked, signed to the petition, and sometimes certified by a notary public to be true. They usually pretend to be ignorant of our language, although they will to some speak it well."

Why, there is nothing new in all this. We have been in the habit of meeting the cunning vagabonds in every section of the country, for the last five years. In 1829 we witnessed an amusing scene with one of them in Charleston, S. C. Its relation may afford others a lesson how to manage matters.

While at the house of a friend—as plain and blunt as Humphry Dobbins—a poor shipwrecked devil (so he pretended to be) presented himself and his printed petition, with all the piteous grievance of an Italian music-grinder; when something like the following dialogue ensued:—

"Well, what's all this about!" inquired our friend, hastily running over the petition, which set forth that a large family had been shipwrecked on a voyage from New Orleans—that they were in the greatest distress—that three or four of them were then suffering with the fever, &c. &c. &c. It was *authenticated* by the captain, and by an M. D, too: every thing was as snug as a toad in the middle of an oak-stump. But, alas! the world's incredulous! The ears of the "forlorn stranger" were startled with the acclamation, "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Jam petite de kong ke ong."

"O, jam the devil! why don't you speak English?"

'A la, you see ——"

"Yes, I do see—a great lazy booby, that deserves cow-skinning!"

"Aqua my lor, retourdenes—I no speaky d' Anglis"

"Poh! don't tell me! you can speak as good English as I can; and you SHALL too. Why don't you go to work, if you've got a family?"

"Eh—bien!—I no understanda you."

"You don't, eh? Well, I'll get an interpreter." [*Exit, and returns immediately with a cowhide*] "Now, then, you blackguard, why don't you go to work?"

"Alons!—I—I—I ——"

"None of your stammering: answer me at once. Why don't you go to work?"

"I—I—*I can't afford it!!!*"

"You what? you can't afford it? So, then, you can make more by your rascality than an honest man by his industry? How much have you collected to-day?"

"Only four dollars and better."

"Only four dollars! *Only* four dollars! Curse your impertinence! If you're not out of that door in less than five seconds, I'll break every bone in your worthless body."

"But aint you going to give me back——"

"Yes, you scoundrel, I'll give *your back!*"—And whack—whack, *sans ceremonie*, went the cowhide over the shouulders of the fellow, who was glad, even with the loss of his petition, to escape from the presence of his enraged assailant.

A few such examples would produce more salutary effects than all the "cautions to the public" that ever were written.

From the Spy.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

Among the many periodicals calculated for the instruction and the amusement of youth, few deserve to rank with "Parley's Magazine," published at Boston, by Lilly, Wait & Co. Although not exactly original, the following illustrations of the tricks which types frequently play the printer, afford ample excuse for an occasional *typo*:

"My young readers may sometimes have seen mistakes in print, which produce a curious alteration in the meaning of the author. These mistakes occur often from accident, and often from neglect. Sometimes the types of which letters are the impressions, are mis-placed, and at other times, they are accidentally ommitted. Sometimes a type will push itself where it has no right to be, just like a person who strives to get into a situation for which he is not fitted, and where he is almost sure to make himself ridiculous.

"So with a type—when it has left its proper station it generally turns sense into the most lamentable nonsense. Read, for instance, the following increditable piece of news, which appeared not long ago, in a newspaper:

"'A man, in a brown surtout, was yesterday brought before the police-court, on a charge of having stolen a small *ox* from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket.'

"Now, I can readily believe that a lady might carry a small *box* in her work bag, but that she should carry about an *ox*—even were it ever so small, is, to say the least of it, very improbable.

"Another paper gives an account of an accident, both serious and singular:

"'A *rat*, descending the river, came in contact with a steam-boat; and so serious was the injury to the boat, that great exertions were required to save it.'

"If the letter *f* had not slipped away from between the *a* and *t*, in the word *rat*, this statement would not have seemed so very absurd.—It was a *raft* which occasioned the accident.

"An English paper once stated that 'The Russian General Kachkinoffkowsky was found dead with a long *word* sticking in his mouth.'

'It was a *sword* and not a *word*, that was meant; unless it is to be inferred that the unfortunate man choked, in trying to utter his own name.

"It must have been the same paper, which, in describing a battle between the Poles and the Russians, remarked, that, 'The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with considerable *laughter*.' The letter *s* was accidentally omitted, at the beginning of the last word.

"'A gentleman was yesterday brought up, to answer to a charge of having *eaten* a stage-driver, for demanding more than his fare.'

"The complaint was, for having *beaten* the stage-driver. The gentleman was no cannibal; however unwise he might have been, in allowing himself to get into a passion.

"'At a late Fourth of July dinner, in the town of ——, none of the poultry were eatable except the *owls!*'

"A country paper observes:—'Our village was recently thrown into considerable excitement, by the rumoured arrival of an English *Duck* at one of our hotels.'

"'The *duck*,' says a Philadelphia paper, 'was probably a counterfeit *duke*.'

"I could mention many more instances of blunders, occasioned by the omission, or misplacing of a single letter; but I have said enough to prove to you, that it is necessary types, as well as for persons, to *keep in their proper places*."

MODES OF SALUTATION.

An author has observed, in contrasting the haughty Spaniard with the frivolous Frenchman, that the proud, steady gait, and inflexible solemnity of the former, were expressed in his mode of salutation—"Come cota?—"How do you stand?"—whilst the "Comment vous portez vous?"—"How do you carry yourself?—was equally expressive of the gay motion and incessant action of the other.

The Dutch, who are considered great eaters have a morning salutation, common among all ranks—"Smaokelyk eeten!"—"May you eat a hearty dinner!" Another, probably adopted in the early periods of the republic, when the people were mostly navigators and fishermen, is—"Hae vaart awe?"—"How do you sail?"

The common salutation in the southern provinces of China, among the lower orders, is—"Ya, fan? Have you eaten your rice?" When the Chinese meet, after a long separation, they fall on their knees, bend their faces to the earth two or three times, and use many other affecting modes. They have also a kind of ritual, or "academy of compliments," by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflections, and words to be spoken upon any occasion. Ambassadors practice their ceremonies forty days before they appear at court.

The Japanese take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house, when they salute.

In Otaheite they rub their noses together.

The inhabitants of Carmene, when they would show a particular attachment, breathe a vein, and present the blood to their friend as a beverage.

Two Negro Kings on the coast of Africa, salute by snapping the middle finger three times.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of the person he meets, and ties it about him, so as to leave his friend almost naked.

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend very low, placing their hands on their cheek, and raise one foot in the air, with the knee bent.—They also take a person's hand or foot, and rub it over their face.

Greenlanders have none. Laplanders apply their noses straightly against the person they salute.

In the straights of the Sound, they raise the left foot of the person saluted, pass it gently over the right leg, and over the face.

CODE OF INSTRUCTION
FOR LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family; the first is the expression of that will which belongs to force; the second, by the power of mildness, to which even strength will yield. One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say *I will*, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell at a rose, it is to imbibe the sweetness of its odour; we, likewise, look for every thing that is amiable from women.

Whoever is often contradicted, feels insensibly an aversion for the person who cantradicts, which gains strength by time, and whatever be her good qualities, is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs, wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance; and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take it upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals; neither read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself, to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attentions by being always attentive to him: never exact any thing and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

7. When a man gives wrong council, never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what was just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him, if he is abusive, never retort: and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Chose well your female friends; have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters, particularly if inimical to the foreign instructors.

10. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, and particularly with modesty; vary the fashion of your dress, especially in regard to colors. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

11. Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence by that which, at all times, you repose in him.—Always preserve order and economy: avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold. By these means he will find his own house more pleasant than any other.

12. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, though you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his actions, to go or come whenever he thinks fit.—A wife ought to make her company so amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it; if she does not partake of it with him.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

Since the passage of the Reform Bill, considerable excitement has taken place among the fair sex in England as to their civil rights. One lady (unmarried) of fortune and family, named Mary Smith, of Stanmore, in York, had presented a petition to the House of Commons, on the subject, in which she said that females were only kept in thraldom among barbarians and heathen nations; but that in England, which had risen to such a pitch of civilization, such restrictions should be abolished. She complained that females were amenable to the laws, and liable to be punished for their crimes, while they were tried by judges and jurors of the opposite sex; they should therefore be allowed to sit upon juries. In fine, she prayed that unmarried females of mature age, should be put on a footing of equlity with the male sex, and be admitted to a share of the representation. The petition was read by Mr. Cobbett, amid shouts of laughter from all sides of the house. A member then observed that it might be an awkward circumstance, if six unmarried females and six males were on the same jury, and that they happened not to agree in their verdict, they might be locked up together all night. Mr. Cobbett said, the house might perhaps think that of no consequence. He had known males and females to be locked up together, and even to sleep in the same room together, both in England and America, without any awkwardness ensuing from it. The petition was laid on the table; so that the qualifications of females to sit on juries, or be returned to Parliament, are in a fair way of undergoing discussion in that body.

GO THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK.
Addressed to Farmers.

I am sorry there is so much need of the admonitions I am about to give. Depend upon it, you do not *"work it right,"* or you would make your farms just twice as valuable as they now are. Many of you *farm too much*. You would find it much more profitable to farm 20 acres WELL, than 40 by halves. The last season I made my grounds produce at the rate of one hundred bushels of Indian corn to the acre. Is this not much better than a common crop of thirty or forty bushels? You will certainly say it is, and with the same breath ask how I manage to make it produce so plentifully. My farm being much infested with ground mice, or moles, and overrun with grubs and other vermin, I put on early in the month of March, about seven bushels of salt to the acre, which thoroughly destroys all kinds of vermin, being an excellent strong manure, and ploughed and harrowed the ground over and over until it became completely mellow; I then had every corn hole filled with long manure, and after dropping my corn, (which had previously been soaked in warm water,) I scattered a pint of lime over every hill, and then covered the whole with a little mellow earth. In about a week the corn began to come up plentifully, after which I nursed it with the plough and hoe, every other week for eight weeks, at which time it was as high as my head, and not a spire of it was destroyed either by frost, grub, or birds. My other things I manured and nursed equally well, and I have been amply paid for all my extra care and trouble, as I raised more than twice as much per acre as any of my neighbors, and did it in much less time. I mean I got my harvesting done two or three weeks before many others. This is accomplished in a great measure by redeeming time; rising between three and four o'clock in the morning, then if the day be sultry and hot, I lie by from twelve to three and rest, I then feel refreshed and able to work till quite dark. This I call 'working it right,' whereas should I lay in bed until the sun be up and shame me, and haunt the tavern at night, drink too much whiskey, but half manure, half plough, half plant, half nurse, half harvest, and do every by halves, I surely should not *"work it right,"* nor get half a crop.

I shall now conclude by giving you, for further consideration, a few excellent observations, from a wiser head, perhaps, than my own and hope that every brother farmer will do likewise.

'I often say to myself, what a pity it is our farmers do not *work it right*. When I see a man turn his cattle into the road to run at large and waste their manure during a winter's day, I say that man does not *work it right*. Ten loads of good manure, at least, is lost in a season, by this slovenly practice; and all for what? For nothing indeed but to ruin his farm.

So, when I see cattle late in the fall and early in the spring, rambling in a meadow or mowing field, pounding the soil and breaking the grass roots, I say to myself, this man *does not work it right*.

So, when I see a barn-yard with a drain to it, I say this man *does not work it right*, for how easy it is to make a yard hollow, or lowest in the middle to receive the moisture and all the wash of the sides which will thus be kept dry for the cattle. The wash and moisture of the yard mixed with any kind of earth, or putrid straw, is excellent manure, yet how much do not our farmers lose by neglecting these things; in fact *they do not work it right*.

When I see a farmer, often going to a retailer's store, with a bottle or jug, or lounging about a tavern or wrangling about politics, or quarrelling with and defaming his neighbor's good name, I am certain such a man *does not work it right*.

AN OLD FARMER.

LAWYERS.

There is no set of men in the community who possess so much executive power, as lawyers: they have an influence which the legislative and executive combined, cannot attain: they are among our councils: they are candidates for our presidency: our governors are frequently selected from them: they possess an intriguing ingenuity, which leaves no place of profit to a competitor. It is very properly asked, whence comes this influence?—Is it from a superior degree of talent?—Is it from a professional ambition which grows and strengthens with its age?—Is it from a stand in society which exclusively belongs to the profession?—Certainly not.—Lawyers are not a more intelligent race than physicians or divines. Their worldly advancement is therefore ascribable to their continual connection with the world.—There is an influence and activity attached to that profession, which is entirely its own. Lawyers belong to the world, not as the general population, but as persons who are especially interested in the progress of human affairs—the guardians in fact of the institutions under which we exist: Hence their intimate acquaintance with public affairs and their influence on public opinion; and it may be observed, that with the least pretension to aspire, they are the most ambitious; and there is scarcely a public affair in which they do not become conspicuous leaders. They are in fact the most talented—the most ambitious—and the most successful of all professional men, who tread this worldly stage.

[Spy.

TEETH.—The Boston Morning Post, under this head calls loudly upon Americans, "to look to their neglected grinders." The editor asserts that the English are known by their *good*, while the Americans are known by their *bad teeth*, and concludes with the following remarks:— [Spy.

"This branch of our body politic calls for a reform. We are not prepared to say that there ought to be many *removals*—but we think a little overhauling would do no harm. Solomon compared the teeth of his mistress to a 'flock of sheep;' ours, we suspect, he would call a flock of *speckled ones*. We hope soon to behold the time, when some benevolent reformer will be able to address us in the language of the prophet Amos, and say:—And I also have given you *cleanness of teeth* in all your cities!"

A considerable Critter.—'What do you think the girth of my Oxen is?' enquired a countryman of a singular biped of our acquaintance.—'I really cannot tell,' answered the other. 'But you can give a pretty good *guess*.' 'No, I cannot; I'm wholly ignorant of the method of measuring oxen.' 'Well at any rate, you can *calculate* pretty closely.' 'Why, Mister, if I should *calculate* so as to *guess* pretty nigh, I should think their girth might be about six feet and nine rods!' [Burlington Sentinel.]

MAINE. A writer in the last North American Review, in reviewing Williamson's History of this State, says:—"A history of so important a State, containing a larger portion of fertile soil than all the rest of New England,—the third State of the Union, in amount of shipping, and possessing almost as many good harbors as all the United States besides, cannot be related in a few pages. Belknap's New Hampshire, Williams's Vermont, or Bradford's Massachusetts could be composed into a six penny magazine, with as much reason, to say the least, as the history of Maine. Those who would become acquainted with one of the principal States of the American Republic,—who have viewed its beautiful scenery; its towering and majestic mountains; its romantic undulations of hill and valley; its shining lakes and broad winding rivers;—who have gazed on the crumbling ruins of the ancient warrior's home, and have longed to know 'the deeds of the days of other years,' would do well to purchase the work of Mr Williamson."

The Minorquins never venture to prune a fruit tree, thinking it impious to direct its growth and amend the works of Providence.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 29, 1833.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

ELECTION.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

OXFORD DISTRICT.

Representative to Congress.

MOSES MASON, JR.

It appears by the official returns of the votes for member of Congress for this district as reported by the Gov. and Council that no choice has been effected. Monday the 25th day of November is appointed for a second trial. It appears by these returns that there were more than twelve hundred scattering votes, including those thrown for the antimasonic candidate. Concerning this last we have a remark to make. We acknowledge in the fullest extent the right of every party to support their own candidate, and the propriety of their doing so when they have a prospect of success however remote. But it is unbecoming the dignity of freemen in the exercise of the most important right with which we are vested to throw votes merely for the purpose of preventing an election—to act the part of the dog in the manger doing mischief for mischief's sake. We make these remarks because it is understood and we have not heard it disputed that Mr. Walker the antimasonic candidate who received three hundred votes is not a constitutional candidate, and if he should receive all the votes in the district could not take his seat in Congress. Their votes might therefore as well be thrown for William Morgan or any other martyr in the cause of antimasonry as for the boy whom they have nominated.

The only course remaining to the friends of democracy and the supporters of regular nominations is to adhere to the candidate who was fairly selected by a numerous convention of delegates chosen for that purpose. If such nominations are to be entirely disregarded—if each voter is to indulge his own individual preference, there can be but little hope of our being represented in Congress at present if ever. We are likely to learn by bitter experience the evils that result from disunion among ourselves and to be taught by the inconveniences of repeated trials that our only safety is in an adherence to the usages practised upon for so many years with so much success. It is almost always the case that there will be a difference of opinion as to the most suitable person to be selected as candidate for office. We are not so destitute of suitable men as not to have many individuals whom their friends at least think, well qualified for the office. Now if none are to yield their opinions and predilections no choice can ever be effected. If we should admit that there are others besides Dr. Mason who are qualified for the office, we would ask which is most unreasonable that he having been regularly and fairly nominated, and wanting but a a few votes of an election, should yield to any other candidate or that, the friends of other individuals should yield to the selection thus made by a convention and confirmed by more than three thousand votes of this district. There can be but one answer to this question as it seems to us. We therfore hope that those who wish for triumph and safety of the democratic party—that all who are opposed to disunion and the defeat of the present and coming elections will give their united support to the regular candidate.

The friends of Dr. Mason do not claim for him splendid talents of powers of oratory—but they do claim for him what is far better, firmness and integrity of principle a practical acquaintance with the wants and wishes of the people of this district, a devotion to the principles of democracy and a determination to support them.

If an election is made at the next trial, much of the next session of Congress will have passed away before the member can take his seat, but should there be an other failure we cannot be represented during the coming year. Let then the present nomination be supported, and at any event, a new convention will be called next summer, when an opportunity will be afforded of confirming or reversing the selection now made. We regret the disunion both for its immediate and probable consequences, and hope that by a sacrifice of individual preferences it now may be healed and we may march forward shoulder to shoulder, and triumph in the coming election.

We would call the attention of our readers and all the friends of education, to the Appeal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary to the public for aid to save that institution from ruin, published in our last paper. We know the jealousy entertained by many towards literary institutions in general—we know also that many
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All who are elect[...]
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more are fearful that this seminary under the cloak of education endeavors te disseminate sectarian principles in religion. There are many who think that the tax reqired by law is as much as ought to be devoted to the purpose of education and that all higher institutions than our common schools are at least of doubtful utility to the people at large and intended more especially for the benefit of the wealthy. We are also well aware of the jealousy of sectarian influence which exists and are conscious that it is not always without cause. But having heretofore had accassion to examine into the claims and merits of the Seminary in question and also to investigate the objections urged against it, we are decidedly of opinion that if any institution for learning in the state deserves public patronage and support, or call for the exercise of private munificence, it is this. We approached the examination certainly without any prejudices in its favor, and in conclusion we were satisfied of its claims to the encouragement and support of the public in general and the friends of learning in particular. It is truly a popular institution. It is intended for the education of the poorer class of the community—of those who have not the means of educating themselves. The education there acquired is eminently practical. We consider it an honor and an ornament to our State, and we should consider it disreputable to us that it should die or ever languish for the want of support.

Mr. Walker (the antimasonic candidate for Congress) is a gentleman of promising talents and every way worthy of the support of the people of Oxford.—[Maine Free Press.

Not being personally acquainted with Mr. Walker we cannot say what his talents may promise, but we never yet heard of their performing any thing. However he is young and may improve with the increase of his party and when they elect him will undoubtedly be of age to take his seat in Congress. But says the Free Press "he is every way worthy of the support of the people of Oxford." He is every way worthy of the support of the party whose candidate he is, and for this reason above all others that he is not a constitutional candidate on account of his youth. As his friends have well said that he will be old enough when he is elected.

EEPRESENTATIVES TO CONORESS.

Official Returns, examined and declared by the Governor and Council.

YORK DISTRICT.

Rufus M'Intire	3662
Moses Emery	2054
Scattering	9

No returns from Sanford and Lebanon.

CUMBERLAND.

Francis O. J. Smith	4062
Levi Cutter	2801
Ephraim Sturdevant	411
Scattering	44

LINCOLN.

Edward Kavanagh	3063
Jeremiah Bailey	2044
John M'Known [Antimason]	341
Scattering	6

No return from Boothbay.

KENNEBEC AND SOMERSET.

George Evans	3562
Benjamin White	2836
Elnathan Pope [Antimason]	551
Scattering	115

Of the scattering, 93 were in Phillips, for Ebenezer White. Mr. Evan's majority 66.

OXFORD.

Moses Mason, jr.	3215
Reuel Washburn	2486
Cornelius Holland	699
Asa Walker jr. [Antimason	309
Scattering	248

No returns from Sweden, Temple, & Plantation No. 8.—Of the scattering 78 were for Moses Mason, and 111 for Seth Mason jr.—No choice.

PENOBSCOT AND SOMERSET.

Gorham Parks	4356
Ebenezer Hutchinson	2309
Judah M'Clellen [Antimason]	337
Scattering	14

No returns of votes from Athens, Bingham, Dutton, Madawaska, Burlington and No. 4 East Penobscot River.

HANCOCK AND WASHINGTON.

Leonard Jarvis	2386
Elijah L. Hamlin	1929
John Dickson	332
Scattering	19

No returns from Cranberry Isle, Perry Wesley, Swan's Island and Greenfield Plantation, Williams' College Grant, and No. 23.

WALDO.

Joseph Hall	2431
Joseph Southwick [Antimason]	770
Ralph C. Johnson	613
John S. Kimball	346
Scattering	77

No returns from Swanville.

The Governor and Council have appointed the 25th day of November for another trial in Oxford.

All who are elected are Jacksonmen, except Mr. Evans of Kennebec District.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Benjamin Tappan, of Ohio, to be judge of the United States for the District of Ohio, in the place of John W. Campbell, deceased.

William M. Gwin, of Missisippi, to be marshal of the United States for the District of Missisippi, in the place of Samuel W. Dickson, appointed Receiver of Public Moneys at Clinton, in said State.

Joseph Balestier, of Massachusetts, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Rio, in the Island of Bintang, in the Malayan Sea.

Thomas H. Barker, of New York, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Elsineur, in the kingdom of Denmark.

W. M. Haxton, of New York, to be Consul of the United States for the post of Bathrust, in the Island of St. Mary's, in the river Gambia.

Robert Grieve, of Leith, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Leith, in Scotland in the Kingdom of Great Britian, in the place of Joel Nart.

Thomas Wooldbridge, of Mississippi, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Brazoria, in the Province of Texas, in Mexico,

Austin J. Raines, of Missouri, to be Consul of the United States at the port of Monterey' in North California, in Mexico.

INFAMOUS!

The following manly strictures are from the Boston Centinel. The infamy of the proposition commented upon is to great for even the vetrean presses in the federal interest—for those which unhesitatingly have denounced Gen Jackson as a murderer, manstealer, tyrant, &c. &c. to endure. [Argus.]

Scandalous Suggestion. A Western paper refering to Gen. Jackson, asks—"*Is there no Brutus to rid the country of such a tyrant?*" This is a most infamous question, and deserves the reprobation of every honest man in the nation, of what party soever he may be. It is almost incredible that any paper in a civilized country, should utter such a sentiment. It is scandal upon the name of Brutus, who indeed stabbed the Roman Emperor. But Cæsar was a usurper, who had overturned the liberties of his country, and erected his throne upon the ruins of the Republic. History awards to Brutus good motives and the character of a patriot, for assisting to rid the world of a despot who had enslaved his country. Gen. Jackson acpuired power in a constitutional manner and with the consent of the people: if he has committed errors, and favored injudicious measures, there are constitutional remedies to be applied by way of correction, without resort to the dagger of the assassin. Such a suggestion is still more scandalous to the cause of this constitutional opposition, and merits the most severe reprobation, particularly of the whole party opposed to the Administration. We are sure such a suggestion is as disgusting to the whole National Republican party, as it possibly can be to the most ardent freind of the President.

"THE COUNTRY WILL BE RUINED."

This is the cry riased on all occasions by the federal editors when they wish to alarm the people and drive them from their purposes. The people called for the election of Gen. Jackson: but the aristocrats said "no: he's a tyrant, who disregards the Constitution and tramples on all law—he will ruin the country." But the Gen. was elected, and the country still prospered. "We must put the old man in a second time," said the people. "By no means," said the aristocrats, "he will destroy the American System, prostrate the Bank, and *ruin the country.*" But the old hero was re-elected, the aristocrats to the contrary notwithstanding, and instead of ruin, commerce flourished, manufactures flourished, agriculture met with a rich reward, and the national debt, which had hung upon the country ever since the revolution, was paid off. The prosperity of the country in every department of industry, gave the lie direct to every prediction of the false prophets. The aristocrats themselves gave up the point for a time, and admitted that every thing was about right. But the President resolved on removing the deposites as a preliminary step to the final blow which he means to give to the hydrahended monster, called the United States Bank; and all at once the aristocrats tune their pipes, and exclaim "the country is ruined to a dead certainty." Now if the country had escaped all the ruin predicted for the last thirty years, from that of burning the bibles and churches, and the destruction of religion under Jefferson, to the ruin in all shapes which was to follow in the train of Jackson, we think there can be no great cause of alarm from the removal of the deposites. Ruin will most certainly overtake the Bank charter and the hopes of its friends. The Bank is already a dead horse: "Its eye is sot; but the country will go on prospering as it has done." [N. H. Pat. and State Gazette.

Saltpetre, it has been discovered by Professor Rafinesque, is a deadly poison, and instead of preserving animal flesh, only dispenses scurvy, sore gums decayed teeth, ulcers, &c. to those who "take the flesh in their teeth."—Well, this *is* a discovery; and we shall endeavor to *eschew* the evil. We always knew saltpetre was a deadly article, as it is the principal ingredient of gunpowder. The Professor recommends sugar as a substitute for pickle.—Children are always told that sugar will rot their teeth; but we presume this is only said by way of argument, and happens not to be founded on fact—the case with most arguments used to adults as well as children. The scurvy and and other diseases incident to a seafaring life, have hitherto been attributed to a fiery old gentlemen called "Ardent;" we are glad *saltpetre* has come forward to confess his share of the sin.

"All the decency." Jo. Gales.—what a monopolist you are! May we be allowed to circulate tne following blush of your modesty, which mantled the bashful cheeks of the Intelligencer of the 8th instant? Here goes:—

"*The President's Late Act.*—It is told of the Emperor Tiberius, that in his thirst for executions, he had sentenced some young girls to be strangled; but it being, by ancient usage, held unlawful to inflict this punishment on virgins, the tyrant, by way of removing the impediment, ordered his victims to be first violated by the executioner, and then put to death.

The President of the United States has lately exhibited the same mockery of the law which stood in the way of his gratifying his malice against the Bank of the United States."

Who are these violated virgins of the Bank? The public have always understood that they were only Mother Bangs's Messalinos, and Jesabels; and that the puplic were their victims, instead of their being scape-goats to the sins of others.—*Bost. Stat.*

Mr. Grundy is re-elected to the Senate of the United States, from the State of Tennessee. The Nashville Banner states that Major Eaton, finding there would be no election if he remained a candidate, addressed a letter to the members of the Legislature, withdrawing his name. The final vote stood, for Grundy 33—Eaton 18—Foster 9.

Nothing Personal. At a recent vestry meeting in a metropolitan parish, a Mr. Bussey said to a Mr—, who was church warden at the time, "Sir, I mean nothing personal to my excellent friend Mr.—; but it is my consciencious belief, that he has plundered the parish ever since he was born, and is the greatest thief in the universe. I do not wish to be personal; but I must say he is a villian, an infamous scoundrel, and a Radical. I now speak in my vestal capacity, and I think that every hand should have a whip to lash the monster naked through the world."

Bishop Fenwick gave his missive on Wednesday last to the twentyfifth Roman Catholic Priest in the New England Diocese. There was only one in New England a few years ago. The Bishop has gone to Baltimore to attend a National Catholic Council, taking with him (says the Globe) a young lady of one of the oldest and most respectable families in Boston—possesing every attainment that could charm, but renouncing every thing to become one of the Sisters of Charity.

Lord Byron and Sir John Malcolm met at the table of Mr Murray. Lord Byron talked of travelling in Persia. "What must I do when I set off?" said he to Sir John. "Cut off your buttons." "My buttons! what these metal ones?" "Yes, the Persians are, in main, very honest fellows; but if you go thus bedizened, you will infallibly be murdered for your buttons.'

Quite a Novelty. The Providence Journal announces that Mr. Clay's arrival in that city, will be "answered by the *disgrace* of cannon." We thought Boston was famous for notions, but this invention beats us all hollow.—We give it up—go ahead Providence. [Boston Post]

Sagacity of the Dog.—The Philidelphia Daily Chronicle relates an instauce of striking sagacity and fidelity, exhibited by a setter dog. Attempts having been made to rob a house in Spruce street, occupied by a widow lady and her sons, the dog was suffered to have the foll range of the house. On Thursday morning last, one of the gentlemen was awakened by the dog pulling at his bed cloths, and immediately discovered that his room was filled with smoke. He instantly followed the dog to his mothers chamber where he discovered her sleeping upon a bed which was on fire—by great exertions the fire was extinguished, and a melancholly death averted. The fire probably caught from a lighted lamp which had been left on a table near the bed.

An Error of the Press.—The Washington Telegraph publishes an erratum for an article respecting the editor of the Richmond Enquirer For "he dances like a bear," read, "he dresses like a beau." There is certainly a difference betwixt the two.

Notwithstanding the season and *soil* of Maine, which many people talk about, Mr. Moses Emery, of Saco, has raised, this year, eghty bushels of corn on an acre of land.—[Me. paper.

We now know the fact, that if Mr. Van Buren and every other personal friend of the President had united in recommending that the Deposits should not be removed, the President would have taken measures to remove them, notwithstanding. The instant the President had decisive proof that the Board of Directors had given Mr. Biddle unlimited authority to use the funds of the Institution to operate upon the Press, and influence the elections, he took an irrevocable resolution to place the public funds, as far as depended on him, and as soon as possible, out of the reach of such embezzlement, and corrupt appropriation. [Washington Globe.].

Franklin and Mirabeau.—When the news of Franklin's death arrived in France, Mirabeau, the most splendid orator of the age, arose in the National Assembly, and in the following strong, nervous, and truly eloquent language, paid the tribute due from Genius to Virtue:—

"Franklin *is dead*—the *Man* who emancipated America—the Sage who was the ornament of the two worlds. The *Courts of Princes* have often been in mourning for those who were great only in the funeral oration of their flatterers: but Nations, ought to mourn only for their Benefactors."—[Lowell Journal.

A Young Chief.—A grandson of the celebrated Red Jacket, two years old, has been elected by the Chiefs and Warriors of the Six Nations of Indians, Chief and a Regent appointed to act for him during his minority.

During their sports, the last week, a grand ballmatch was played by the Seneca, Allegany, and Cattaraugus tribes, against the Oneidas, Tonnewandas, Onondagas for about $400 in goods and money, which resulted in favor of the Senecas.

☞By one of our exchange papers, we perceive an article, in which it is stated that the Grand Lodge of Vermont has dissolved all the charters of the Lodges in that State, and recommended the sale of the furniture, jewels, &c. the amount of which it is suggested should go to the common school fund. This is a good move surely, and is highly creditable to the Masons of Vermont, and a sacrifice which we doubt not, will speadily heal the breach in society, which has been occasioned by a political discussion of the question. We hope the example will be followed by other States. [Bath Enquirer.]

☞In Augusta, On Tuesday night last, Shubael Seavy went home drunk, quarrelled with his wife, and beat her to death. She expired the next night. A son, sixteen years old, who was probably prevented by fear from interfering says he struck her only with his fists, but this is hardly probable, as her skull was found to be fractured. Seavy is now in jail.—[Ib.

LATEST FROM MALAGA.

Capt Darrell, of the brig Repeater, which has arrived at Baltimore from Malaga, in 39 days, states that the cholera had broken out in Spain, which had caused great alarm at Malaga. Two days previous to the Repeater's sailing, soldiers had been placed around the town to prevent any and all communication with the country, in consequence of which it was supposed that the merchants in the place would sustain heavy losses, they having contracted largely for fruit, and made liberal advances, and it not now being permitted to enter the town. If that is the case, we sall be deprived of the most important part of our Thanksgiving fare.

The Portland Advertiser says—'The whole country is arming against the poor whales.—Even little Delaware, not much larger than a whale herself, is waking up. A company is preparing to send out a ship from Wilmington.'

Mysterious.—Ex-Lieut. Governor Wilcox, of this State received a few weeks since a trunk from the city of New York on the lid of which was nailed a letter to his address purporting to have been writen by a grandson, but which was a forgery. The letter stated that the trunk contained another note detailing particulars, and to which he particularly referred. On proceeding to open the trunk it was found to contain two loaded pistols with percussion locks to which strings were attached, fastened to the lid of the trunk their muzzles directed to a bundle, which contained four or five pounds of gunpowder. As there was something mysterious about the trunk, the plot was discovered before any injury ensued. Fortunately for Gov. Wilcox he did not attempt to open the "infernal machine," till he was aided by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of the neighborhood. [Prov. City Gazette.]

Milton. When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham, called her a rose. 'I am no judge of colors' replied Milton 'and it may be so—for I feel the thorns daily.'

Attack on Lisbon. Paris 14th Sept.—M. de Bourmont has failed in a first attack on Lisbon. He was making depositions on the 7th for another attempt on the following day. It is fair to suppse that his chance of success has diminished at Lisbon, as well as at Oporto. On the 6th and 7th the two armies were in sight of each other, but did not fight; and if a new attack is attempted, it could not have been before the 8th. Hence the report that Bourmont captured Lisbon on the 7th must be erroneous.

It was reported in London that Lord Grey had determined to resign, and that a new ministry would be formed from a coalition of the moderate of both parties, with Sir Robert Peel at the head, and Mr. Stanley as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Conference relative to the affairs of Holland and Belgium, has been suspended for the present. The king of Holland is stubborn, and nothing has been settled.

The Chronicle of the 7th, in the now official part, gives an account of the affair of the fifth. It says, "at half past five in the morning, the troops of Don Miguel to the numbers of 11 or 12,000 men advanced in six columns towards the centre of the line of fortifications.—Two of these columns marched on *l' Arco do Cego*. The fire of Don Pedro's batteries deranged this disposition, and obliged these two columns to make a movement towards the right. The six columns then attacked the position of *Saint Schestien de Pedreira* and of *Campolide*, but they were repulsed in two attempts.

No other has taken place, but the Miguilites, occupy a wall in front of the *Quintina de la Seabra*, from which they keep up a brisk fire until the 7th in the evening, when they retreated to the distance of a quarter of a league." The Chronicle says that the Miguelites have left 400 dead on the field of battle; among whom is a French General, commanding the cavelry; and some deserters have assured us that their loss is 1400 men.

The Queen of Portugal left Portsmouth in the Selo Steamboat for Lisbon on the 16th.

DIED.

In Sumner, on the 15th inst. Mr. Joseph Doten, aged 31 formerly of Plymouth Mass.

Printers in Massachusetts are requested to notice the above.

NOTICE.

MISS C. B. WING, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Paris vicinity that she has removed to the Shop recently occupied by Capt. B. F. Crawford where she continues to carry on the **MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING** business, in its various branches. She will keep constantly on hand an assortment of **MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS,** *which will be sold as low as can be purchased in this vicinity.*

DRESSES cut at short notice and warranted to fit.

N. B. The subscriber greatfully acknowledger past favors, and solicits the continuance of former customers and also the patronage of the public generally.

Paris, October 23, 1833. 11

Sheriff's Notice.

Oxford, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the house of Joshua Smith, Esq. in Norway on Saturday the 30th day of Nov. next, at ten o'clock A. M. all the right, title and interest in equity of redemption which Ruben Hill of Norway has in and to redeem the farm on which he now lives, and also one other piece of land situated in said Norway. The above premises being subject to a Mortgage to Wm. C. Whitney to secure the payment of $72 82 cents with interest from Nov, 26, 1832. Recorded in book 38, page 287 & 288. Further particulars made known at the time and place of sale. H. W. MILLETT, Dep. Sh'ff.

Norway, Oct. 26, 1833

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Hon. Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public auction so much of the real estate of Davis Washburn late of Livermore in said County, Esquire, deceased, as will produce the sum of one thousand forty-three dollars and thirty-one cents (if so much there be) for the payment of his just debts, charges of administration and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of the following parcels—to wit: One large and convenient Store, granary and shed connected therewith, and thirty square rods of land situated at the corner near Col. Stone's in Livermore and is now occupied by Mr. Simeon Hearsey.—Also about two thirds of an acre of excellent land in Livermore adjoining the house lot occupied by the deceased at the time of his death, and is directly north of it.–Also a strip of land directly west of said house lot, thirteen rods and fifteen links in length and from sixteen to twenty feet wide.—Also a gore of land containing between fifteen and twenty acres situated at the south end of little Pond (so called) in said Livermore known by the name of the Dennet land. Also Pew numbered four in the Methodist Meeting house on the west side of the river in Livermore. Also from 20 to 30 acres of land situated in Jay in said County on the south side of Androscoggin river, being part of the Elijah Lothrop farm.—Also three third Division lots lying in the town of Rumford in said County, viz. No. 85—No. 107— and No. 110, containing in the whole two hundred and forty acres, be the same more or less.

The whole of said real estate (excepting that part which is situated in said Rumford) will be exposed for sale as aforesaid, at said Store on Saturday the twenty-third day of November next, in separate parcels, including the reversion of the widow's dower wherever she may be dowable.—Sale to commence at one o'clock in the afternoon.

And the said real estate situated in said Rumford will be exposed for sale at public auction on Wednesday the twenty-seventh day of November, aforesaid, at one o'clock P. M.

For terms and farther particulars apply to REUEL WASHBURN, Adm'r.

Livermore, Oct. 21, 1833.

BLANKS FOR SALE, by
ISAAC HARLOW.
Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833.

POETRY.

[From the Token for 1834.]

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

Oh, lightly, lightly tread
Upon these early ashes, ye that weep
For her that slumbers in the dreamless sleep
Of this eternal bed!

Hallow her humble tomb
With your kind sorrow ye, that knew her well,
And climb'd with her youth's brief but brilliant dell
'Mid sunlight and fair bloom.

Glad voices whisper'd round,
As from the stars, bewildering harmonies,
And visions of sweet beauty fill'd the the skies;
And the wide vernal ground.

With hopes like blossoms shone:
Oh, vainly these shall glow, and vainly wreathe
Verdure for the veil'd bosom, that may breathe
No joy—no answering tone.

Yet weep not for the dead
That in the glory of green youth do fall,
Ere phrenzied passion or foul sin one thrall
Upon their souls hath spread.

Weep not they are at rest
From misery and madness and all strife,—
That make but night of day, and death of life,—
In the grave's peaceful breast:

Nor ever more shall come
To them the breath of envy, nor the rankling eye
Shall follow them, where side by side they lie
Defenceless, noiseless, dumb.

Aye—though their memories green,
In the fond heart, where love for them was born,
With sorrow's silent dews, each eve, each morn,
Be freshly kept unseen—

Yet weep not! They shall soar
As the freed eagle of the skies, that pined,
But pines no more, for his own mountain wind,
And the old ocean shore.

Rejoice! rejoice! How long
Should the faint spirit wrestle with its clay,
Fluttering in vain for the fair cloudless day,
And for the angels' song?

It mounts! It mounts! Oh, spread
The banner of gay victory—and sing
For the enfranchised—and bright garlands bring—
But weep not for the dead!

Fertility of Western New York. In an article commenting upon the abundance of the Harvest the Onondaga Standard asks—"What will the farmers down east say, when we inform them that we can name individuals in this county, who have harvested the present season 1500, 1800 and in one instance 3000 bushels of Wheat?"—If our friends of Onondaga make these matters the subjects of such exultation, we may ask, and we do it with no disposition to undervalue the blessings of our neighbors; what must the farmers down east say, when we inform them that we can name individuals in Livingston co., who have harvested, the present season, more than 4000 bushels, have been cut from 100 acres of land, which, without the intermission of a single year in 25 have been in crop? The county of Livingston contains 12 towns which will this year market her million bushels of wheat.

The Moon.—It has been a question with us, whether a periodical would be as usefully employed in dissipating errors as in disseminating information. As it respects the influence of the moon on the weather, or crops, &c. we have no doubt that general belief in it has done as much harm to the agricultural interests, as any other evil with which farmers and planters have to contend. How often do farmers omit a favorable season, to plant a crop of potatoes, &c. because it is "not the right time of the moon." Many people will not kill hogs or beef, unless at a particular time of the moon. And when the "right time of the moon" does come, it is at least an equal chance that the state of the weather will not admit of those operations, and some other more necessary business must be performed, and of course they must be put off until the moon comes round to the proper time. Almost every body can tell what sort of weather we are to have for the next four weeks, by looking at the new moon, and lay out their work accordingly. If the horns of the new moon are perpendicular, they say we are to have a wet moon, and at haying and harvest time, many a good crop is saved by the prompt advantage taken of every clear day; because they say we shall have very few such days this month.—This to be sure is a very useful error; but its opposite more than balance the account. When the moon shows her horns in a horizontal position, somewhat like a section of a bowl slightly inclined up its side, then they say we shall have a dry moon, and their hay and crops are neglected, because "we shall have a plenty of dry weather this moon." Now there is no "old say" more useful to farmers than the good old adage—"make hay while the sun shines," which means, do whatever you have to do, and can do *to-day*, and let the moon mind her own business, as you may be sure she is inclined to, if you will only let her alone; she cares no more for your potatoes and pork, and exercises no more influence over your operations "than the man in the moon." [American Farmer.

We have full returns of the votes in Bergen county, New Jersey. The Jackson majority is 174—nearly double the majority at the last election.

A little boy about four years of age lay very still one morning, after a fine night's sleep, as if in deep thought. His parents watched him for some time. At length his mother said to him, George, aby dear, what are you thinking about? Why mother, says George, how many kinds of fire are there? How many kinds of fire! why only one my son. Why yes there is, continued the boy, there are four kinds. Four kinds! how will you make that out? Well then, said he, first there is a *wood fire*, there is a *coal fire*, then there is *cam-phire*, and then there is—there is—Well, what is the fourth my son? Then there is—*fire away like fury!*

ANECDOTE. A gentleman travelling in one of our back towns a few weeks since, observed a red headed urchin hoeing corn near the road side, when the following dialogue ensued:

Gent.—My boy, your corn looks rather yellow.

Boy.—Yes, dad went all the way down to uncle Nat's to get yallar corn to plant this year.

Gent.—But it's very small; I think you will not have more than half a crop.

Boy.—We don't expect to have, for we planted it on shares. [Chenago Democrat.]

We find in a late London journal, a striking instance of the depth and strength of human affection. A poor man, whose deceased wife lay in a coffin just before interment, drew near to take the last farewell of the once loved partner of his joys and sorrows. At this awful moment when his eye was directed to the inanimate remains of his departed wife, he suddenly dropped down, and before medical assistance could be procured expired. He had been united to his wife upwards of fifty years, and what is strikingly remarkable in the annals of the marriage state, during so long a period, the noise of dissension had never been heard between them.

Monticello is again for sale. Perhaps no property in Virginia will be disposed of at a lower rate than the splendid seat of Mr. Jefferson. The extreme beauty of its situation, the costly and chaste architecture of the dwelling, added to all its historical associations, would, we should think, ensure it a puchaser. Its present proprietor is Dr. Barclay, who bought it of the executor of Mr. Jefferson. [Rich. Comp.]

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of Francis Keys administrator of the estate of Frncis Keyes late of Rumford in said County, Esquire, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of four hundred and nineteeen dollars and seventy-eight cents and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceaed as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—

That the petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*
Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of Samuel F. Rawson administrator of the estate of Isaac Knight late of Bethel in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of seventy-nine dollars and ninety-five cents and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—

That the petitioners give notice to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon ane show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*
Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three.

ORPAH CHIPMAN Administratrix of the estate of Simeon Chipman late of Paris said County, deceased, having presented her second account of administration of the estate of said deceased

ORDERED.

That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have why the same should not be allowed. SLEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

FEARING WILLIS Guardian of Lucia W. Greenwood and Jane F. Greenwood minor children of Verres Greenwood late of Hebron in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said wards

ORDERED—

That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

LEONARD GROVER Administrator of the estate of Hezekiah Grover late of Fryeburg Academy Grant in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

ORDERED—

That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed in Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge*
Copy. Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

JOHN GURNEY Administrator of the estate of John H. Roberts late of Greenwood in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

ORDERED,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*

Copy, Attest; JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

REBECCA SMITH named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Nicholas Smith late of Paris in said county deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—

That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*
Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register*

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix on the estate of

JOHN BAILEY,

late of Turner in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any damands thereon to exhibit the same to

LUCY BAILEY.
Turner, Oct. 15, 1833. 10 *

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

SAMUEL HASKELL,

late of Waterford in the county of Oxford, Cooper deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to JOHN HERRING.

Waterford, Aug. 18, 1833 10 *

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

CADWELLADER F. JONES Guardian of Johnathan Saunders of Norway, in said county, a non compos, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said non compos,

ORDERED.—

That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest; JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public vendue at the Court House in Paris in said County on Saturday the twenty-first day of December Anno Domini eighteen hundred and thirty-three at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

All the right, title and interest which Caleb Besse has in equity of redeeming a certain parcel of Real Estate situated in Bethel in said County viz:—Lot numbered four in the first Range of lots in said town with the buildings thereon—The same being Mortgaged to William Reed, for security of one hundred dollars, and annual interest from March the thirty-first A.D. 1826. To the Record of which mortgage deed recorded with the Records of said County, Book 28 Page 7, reference is made.

ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Dep. Sh'ff.
Paris, October 19. 1833. 3w10

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public vendue at the Court House in Paris in said County, on Saturday the twenty-first day of December Anno Domini eighteen hundred and thirty three, at ten o'clock in the forenoon all the right title and interest which Timothy Pratt of Jay has in equity of redeeming the following described real estate situated in Jay in said County viz:—The north part of lot No. one in the fourth range of lots in said town on the Westerly side of Androscoggin River with all the buildings thereon—The same having been deeded by said Timothy Pratt to James Starr, Jr., by Deed bearing date March 27th 1829 for security of the payment of one hundred and forty-three dollars or thereabouts and interest on the same; to the record of which deed in the County Registry reference is made.

ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Dep. Sh'ff.
Paris, October, 19th 1833.

BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
Black, Blue, Browns, Olive, Green and Mixt.
FLANNELS,
White, Yellow, Red and Green, OF ALL QUALITIES.
PLAIDS & CAMLETS,
of every description, CHEAP.
ROSE BLANKETS,
8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, OF GOOD QUALITY.
RUSSIA DIAPERS,
1 bale of 50 pieces, at low prices, by yard or piece.

WANTED,

5000 yards domestic all Wool and Cotton & Wool Flannels. 500 yds. Full'd Cloths.—Also, white, black, red & blue Mixt, Woollen Yarns, for which fair prices will be given, in exchange for Goods.

W. D. LITTLE,
No. 1. Mitchell's Buildings
Sept. 18, 1833 6m9

Martin Bradford's Estate

THE Subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for Oxford County, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Martin Bradford, late of Turner in said County, deceased, and represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the 20th day of September last are allowed to said creditors, for bringing and proving their debts against said estate; and that we shall be in session for that purpose, at the late dwelling house of the said Bradford on the second Monday in November, & last Monday in December, and second Monday in March next, from two till five o'clock P. M. on each of those days.

WILLIAM K. PORTER, } Com'rs.
GEORGE FRENCH. }
Turner, Oct. 8, 1833. *3w9

GOOD & CHEAP.

JAMES LONGLEY offers for Sale at his Store in South Paris, a good assortment of English, French, Domestic, Dry Goods, and Groceries.

Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. Said goods are new and fresh, and will be sold on an avarage, quite as low as Portland prices, except heavy articles, such as Molasses, Salt, &c.

☞ Cash Paid for Corn, Butter, and Lamb Pelts.
South-Paris, August 27, 1833.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber ONE GOOD CHAISE & HARNESS, cheap for cash or approved credit.

ROB'T SKILLINGS.
South-Paris, Oct. 22.

3w10

COPARTNERSHIP
NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of the Subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The demands due them, will remain a few weeks with Asa Thayer Jr., after which, they will be left with an Attorney for collection, if not paid.

TIMOTHY FORD,
ASA THAYER Jr.
Paris, Oct. 19, 1833. 10 tf

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OF THE
Complete Periodical
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